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REE SENSES

SE :: INCENSE :: NONSENSE

ems by Carl C. Countryman

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Three Senses

A Few Poems

By

Carl C. Countryman

Part I. Good Sense
Part II. Incense
Part III. Nonsense

PRESENTATION EDITION

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Part I. GOOD SENSE

I Hain't Got No Home

I'm trav'lin' up and down
Through city an' through town,
I'm wandrin' here an' there
Like a soul that doesn't care
Where it's goin';
I'm hired out to travel
Fer my readin' an' recitin'
But where I'll be a-goin'
After readin' all my writin'
I'm not knowin',
Fer I
hain't got
no home.

The cyars ar' big an' fine
On the finest kind o' line,
The enjine's tough an' strong
To carry us along
To where we're pintin';
The cyars are fixed for sleepin'
A-runnin' easy, swift an' light,
Their rollin' an' their rockin'
Make 'em of all earth's things jest right
To spend the night in
To the feller ez
hain't got
no home.

I see along the road
The farmers on a load
Of straw er hay er grain,
An' then I see again
Children playin';
I see the winders lighted,
Sometimes, when passin' in the night,
'N' I wonder if the children
A-kneelin' by the bright home light
Think of prayin'
Fur fellers ez
hain't got
no home.

I see the medders green,
The hosses slick an' clean,
An' mules an' pigs an' sheep,
'N' it's mighty hard to keep
From cryin'
To see the colts a-jumpin'
An' the winter wheat a-wavin'
As if it hed been thinkin'
An' its waves fur me ben savin';
It's tryin'
To a feller ez
hain't got
no home.

'N' I wanter get off there
An' hop inter a pair
O' boots an' jump an' run
An' hev a pile o' fun
An' foller
The cows home from the pascher
An' feed the pigs and sheep an' hosses.
Applause an' all hands clappin'
An' even gains ten times the losses
Ar' holler
To the feller ez
hain't got
no home.

I wanter go each day
An' dally 'long the way
From school, an' fear at home
Thet there'll be sure to come
A spankin';
An' chase the turkey gobblers
An' own an' name the chickens,
Not in my heart a-thinkin'
Of feelin' like the dickins
Nor rankin'
With fellers ez
hain't got
no home.

I wanter go an' play
An' mow the hay away
An' carry grain in sacks
An' pitch the wheat an' flax
'N' oats an' clover;
An' sit at home of evenin's
Eatin' corn an' nuts an' tellin'
Old stories, but all them things—
Playin', crackin' jokes an' yellin'—
Is all over
'N' I
hain't got
no home.

The hotels where I eat
Are neatest kind o' neat,
With gas an' steam an' things,
An' elevator brings
You a-sudden
To any floor you're wantin';
Waiters too at meals an' plenty
Of grub in thirteen courses,
Pies an' cakes an' more than twenty
Kinds o' puddin'
To tempt the feller ez
hain't got
no home.

But what's the use o' food
No matter how so good
When you don't never feel
A-hungrin' for a meal
O' your vittles;
I wanter stop this livin',
Go back home and hunt the cellar
Fur pies an' be a-havin'
Bowls o' soup hot for each feller
From the kittles;
'Twould seem good to the feller ez
hain't got
no home.

An' when I'm old an' gray,
My life all gone away
An', sick with many ills,
Money gone for doctors' bills—
Me a-dyin'—
My friends will raise me money
Fur a place fur me to sleep in;
They'll ask "Where's he a-livin'?"
An' I'll hear some one a-weepin'
An' replyin'
He
hain't got
no home.

But when I'm dead an' gone
An' when I wake up on
A better, brighter shore,
Where death can be no more,
I'll be a-seein'
My mother's robe the whitest
An' I'll hear her softly sayin'
In tones the very sweetest,
I've ben watchin', too, an' prayin'
Fur you, bein'
My boy thet
didn't have
no home.

Yes, when my knell is rung
An' when my dirge is sung
'N' I'm lyin' in the ground,
With dead folks all around
Me a-moldin',
My friends will raise me money—
Folks will quickly stop their fightin'—
An' build a modest tombstone,
On it they will be a-writin'
This is holdin'
A feller thet
didn't hev
no home.

But he was good an' true
An' honest all way through,
We're sure thet he will stand
Where, in a better land,
Skies is meller;
Fur he was surely worthy them things
An' so we'll stop our weepin'
A-trustin' thet our former comrade
Who's now so sweetly sleepin'
Is a feller
Thet hez gone
to his
best home.

Sold an' Gone

Sometimes when a feller, dad,
  Is travelin' all aroun'
An' only stoppin' fur a day
  Or so in any town,
Without a home where he can go,
Without home joys fur him to know;

With strangers all aroun' him, dad,
  An' tho' they're kind enuff
They can't be jest what old friends is
  Whose friendship's tried and tuff
Who've known fur years him and his kin,
An' stood by them through thick an' thin.

Ah! when a feller's thus ways, dad,
  The queerest feelin' creeps
Right up his back, sometimes, an' down,
  An' then his old heart leaps
Up in his throat—an' achin' comes
At seein' others in their homes.

It seems as if—if he could see
  The old homestead again
An' wander 'round among the spots
  In which he hasn't ben
Fur years, 'twould ease him of his pain
Ef he could see them sights again.

Fur there is always places, dad.
A feller wants to see,
May be a spring, may be a hill,
May be an old oak tree,
May be a place where he has played,
May be a grave in quiet shade.

I've wisht to see the old home, dad,
Fur many a long, long day,
An' thought of places on an' roun'
The farm so far away—
I've wisht to see the sights again,
That I recall to mind so plain.

I've wisht to walk along the road
From town, an' think of what
Adventures fur us little kids
Had happened at each spot—
The swimmin' pools, the creek, the bridge,
The bluffs, the road along the ridge,

The fishin' places, rocks an' run—
The wat'rin' place—an' stand
An' think of what took place there
When it was on our land.
An' cross the gully in the trees—
Tall oaks a-swayin' in the breeze—

You jest kin see the old home, dad,
  An' I have thought so much
Thet when I got to that place, dad,
  I'd stop an' let old thoughts an' such
Of childhood's times run through my head,
Mem'ries all of hours that's sped.

I've thought of how I'd wander roun'
  An' stop along the way;
Why, here I fisht an' here I swum
  An' here I used to play
An' here I killed an old muskrat,
Here I did this, here I did that.

An' here's the cow paths in the woods,
  Known but to Roll an' me,
An' here's the spring an' here's plum grove
  An' here's the but'nut tree
An' here's the broad, flat roun'
That used to be our circus groun'.

I can't begin to tell you, dad,
  The thoughts that cum to me—
What nooks an' paths an' dells an' groves
  'Twould gladden me to see—
A thousand fancies swum before my eyes,
A thousand mem'ries such as never dies.

A thousand thoughts run through my head
Of what I'd do an' say,
Of where I'd go and when and how
When I should chance to stay
Aroun' the old farm that I was brought up on—
The dear old home of ourn that's sold an' gone.

* * * * * * * *

I've ben to see the old home, dad;
When I stepped off the train
'Twas afternoon an' I was ast to stop
In town time an' again,
But though they tried with all their might,
I'll see the dear old home to-night.

An' then I walked along the road
An' saw the places where
I spoke of, but they ain't the same
As when us folks was there;
They ain't the same an' yet they be,
They don't seem quite the same to me.

The bridge is moved four rods up stream,
The walnut tree's cut down—
The biggest, tallest tree it was
In all the country roun'—
An' Hamlin's run, where water flowed so cool
A-gurglin' down the rocks and made a pool

Right in the road, is filled up now,
A shute's put in, an' then
Right up the gully in plain sight
You see a slaughter pen
An' house, an' what was once wild-flower beds
Is strewed with cattle legs an' horns an' heads;

The wat'rin' place ain't used no more,
An' where we used to pick
Our hazel nuts is cleared off now,
An' where they were so thick
Corn an' pertaters grow, an' here I stand.
But can't jest make it seem like our land.

The house an' barn are much the same—
Some trees are cut away,
The spring's dried out, the path's grown up,
But look what side I may
I can't see much of any change—
An' yet it's strange—it's all so strange.

The barn is there, though painted brown,
The house has got a stoop
Aroun' the south side now. I can't
Tell why my spirits droop,
An' yet they do; I'm not to blame—
The same—the same—yet not the same.

I climb the hill an' wander off
  The way we went to school,
An' grit my teeth an' stop my tears—
  Don't say, dad, I'm a fool—
It ain't the old home I've ben on;
The old home's sold—yes, sold an' gone.

Yes, sold an' gone, an' dead an' gone,
  An' all I've left is thoughts
An' names an' mem'ries dear an' sweet
  About all precious spots.
It ain't the old home I've ben on,
The old home's sold—yes, sold an' gone.

The Work of God

Ah, how illustrious is he
Who, in the face of destiny,
  Pursues an upright course;
Who boldly throttles fate's decree,
And makes an opportunity
  What others make a curse.

Who sorely is with choler pent—
Mayhap with baser passions rent—
  And fiery, untamed mood;
Yet curbs his fury till 'tis spent,
And turns his soul's unworthy bent
  To work his noblest good.

Or who, tho poor and lowly born,
Exposed to cursed, unrighteous scorn
  Of all the world beside,
In no wise deems himself forlorn,
But bravely makes his feelings, torn,
  Expel unholy, godless pride.

Or he, who sprung from those untaught—
Almost without the gift of thought—
  Becomes a learned man;
And, when the noble fight is fought,
Enjoys the boon that toil hath bought
  In earth's most cultured clan.

Or he who, born 'mid vice and crime
In lowest depths of moral slime,
And like the earthly clod,
Relieves himself of grievous grime,
And learns, in acts and thoughts sublime,
To honor Christ and God.

He who has all this duty done
Makes, with his course so nobly run,
The world to understand
With self-control—a virtue won—
Of all the creatures 'neath His sun
God's greatest work is man.

The Man That Walks

To S. L. W.

The way is stony, rough and steep;
The hills are high, the valleys deep;
  And stout must be his heart,
As people pass of every mind,
In vehicle of every kind,
  Bike, auto, saddle, carriage, cart,
By the man that walks.

With watchful eye and ready twist,
The haughty automobilist
  Whirls by, nor deigns to sound his gong;
Poles, fences, bridges, houses, trees,
Stones, holes, two tracks are all he sees,
  As swiftly whizzes he along
Past the man that walks.

But when the mountain height he gains
And gazes on the far stretched plains,
  His soul mounts up on joyful wings;
No dust-fraught vehicles are here
So God and Nature draw more near
  And up he lifts his voice and sings—
Does the man that walks.

So in earth's choicest dells and nooks—
In peaceful shade, by pearly brooks—
  On mountain height, in forest glade—
Alone, alone, but filled with glee,
Alone, alone, with spirit free,
  'Mid scenes God's hand alone has laid,
Is the man that walks.

And when, at length, he reaches town
And at the table sits him down
  With charming gusto he employs
The various kinds of wholesome food,
Potatoes, meat and all things good
  Comprise the meal that he enjoys—
Of the man that walks.

And when, at night, he seeks his rest,
He is with sweetest slumbers blest,
  Whilst prickling care is left behind
Till, when he wakes at early dawn,
All trace of weariness has gone
  Refreshed in body, soul and mind,
Is the man that walks.

What matchless privilege has he
God's wondrous universe to see!
  What wealth of scenery untold!

How often on the mountain height
The sun's reflected, mellow light
  Turns all the world to gold—
For the man that walks!

Receives he many jibes the while
But learns to suffer them—and smile—
  Endure slights lightly—and forgive—
He learns to hunger, eat with zest,
Be satisfied, tire, sleep, and rest
  In short, he learns to truly live—
Does the man that walks.

Query on Man

What is man, O God,
That Thou art mindful of him
And taketh heed
Unto the voice of his cry?

At first the infant,
Small monarch of his little world,
Yet fretting and crying
The months away.

And then, the joyous child,
Forgetful of sorrows past
And blind to those ahead,
Yet whose very joys
Become so soon but bitter memories of the past
To make the present life more bitter.

And then, the thoughtless, careless youth
With heights of joy and depths of pain unspeakable
In ecstasy of requited love
Or throes of disappointment—
All soon forgot as he turns his eyes
Toward the alluring future
When he will achieve
Fame, fortune and great happiness.

And then long life,
Full of turns and changes,

Vague hopes, some victories—more defeats—
  Disappointments, sorrows, pains—
Joy and grief
  Mingled indescribably—
Vain aches and wonderings
  "Who are we?" "Whence came we?"
"What purpose serve we?"
  "Whither are we going?"

And after all experiences, death
  And a soul launched into eternity.

And this is all of life—
  So free and yet so dear,
So long and yet so short,
  So bitter yet so sweet,
To those
  That know thee not.

And yet, Thou, God,
  Wilt bend Thine ear to hear him.
To those that call upon Thy name,
  Thou givest faith to understand
And eyes to see
  This life aright—
The brightness of Thy love,
  The image of Thy countenance,
Thy care of what is thine—
  Thy hand thru all,
Leading thru eternal ages
  The whole wide world to Thee.

Consecration

Father, hear me while I pray:
Turn my heart from sin away.
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Fill my soul with perfect love.
Give me ears thy voice to hear,
Give me will that voice to fear;
Give me strength that will to do,
Give me hands that strength to show.

Take me as I am, O Lord, my God,
Purge me with thy ever chastening rod;
To thy service consecrate Thou me,
Draw me ever nearer, nearer Thee.
Nearer Thee in every thought of mine,
Till my heart is fashioned like to Thine;
Grace, strength, love and faith to me impart,
Till I'm perfect, Father, as Thou art.

God is Love

I have wandered afar thru the kingdoms of men,
And sought for the world's greatest gift;
I have fathomed all secrets that lie in man's ken,
The present and past ages' drift.
I have traveled abroad as the knights did of old,
And feasted on beauty and power;
I have revelled in wisdom, and sought and found gold,
And dwelt in both hovel and tower.
I have tasted of pleasures the whole gamut thru,
Appeased fond ambition's great maw;
When I wearied of one, I have sought something new,
But never my world treasure saw.
Then I searched in my heart, and in it was enshrined
Man's greatest, best gift from above;
And it lies in each heart, mayhap rough, unrefined,
Yet there, and its name we call "love."
'Tis the greatest of things in this wide earth below,
And in the vast realm that's beyond;

Where 'tis given the Lord's deepest secrets to know,
There love, purest love, is enthroned.
And 'twill rule all our lives and make Heaven appear;
Relieve us from error's sad thrall.
It will reign over these: Death, Sin, Hell, Hate and Fear,
For Love is our God, Lord of all.

Dead, But the World Moves on

Crepe hangs upon the door,
  Within is settled deepest gloom—
Hushed voices, noiseless steps
  Pale, trembling lips, a darkened room,
A sundered tie, a presence gone—
Dead, but the world moves on.

Dead but the world moves on!
  Moves on alike to all;
Moves on with smiles and joy;
  Moves on 'mid death and pall;
Moves on nor stops to drop a tear
Beside the corpse upon the bier.

It may be, quite as people say,
  "'Twere best for us that this is true,"
And yet, it seems, 'twould ease the pain
  And give us strength to start anew,
If but the world would cease its smile
And mourn and weep with us awhile.

Oh, this world is full of graves!
  Each heart's a living tomb
Of hopes and joys and loves
  Of which it was the womb
Which, when they reach their greatest height,
Are struck and shattered in a night.

Ah, there are those we'd rather die
  Than lose, and hopes there are
On which we build our future lives;
  With them, death-struck, we'd rather die by
    far
Than live alone when they are gone—
Dead, while the world moves on.

But 'tis not ours to choose, oh heart!
  Ours but to breathe a prayer!
Ours but to live manlike 'mid men!
  Ours but to do and dare!
Ours but to dry our eyes and smile—
  Drive pain out with love the while!

Ours but to make a means—not end—
  Of genius, power, pelf,
Affliction, fame or circumstance;
  Ours but to conquer self;
Ours but to use our life's short span
To serve our God and fellow man.

Success

You say the world is rough and hard, my boy,
And life a weary uphill road—
A struggle in vain and full of pain
With an alway increasing load?

The world is rough and hard, my boy,
And stern the ways of fate.
Strife without, within—eternal strife—to win
The honors that wait at Labor's gate.

So is the marble rough and hard, my boy,
And what would you think of one
Who ever should, with tools of wood,
Keep trying to carve a stone?

Take but the chisel, Industry,
The mallet, Truth, and above
All else beside whate'er betide
Strike with the arm of Love.

One smile will cut more edges off
Than many an injured frown.
A laugh of cheer will bring you near
To those who else would cast you down.

Take Love and Faith and Industry,
And laugh and smile and cheer and bless
And by your toil thru life's turmoil,
Carve on the world's hard stone "Success."

A Hymn

Oh, heavenly source of light and love—
  Thou spirit most divine—
Pervade my spirit from above,
  And make thine essence mine.

Oh, do I leave stern virtue's path,
  Or faith or wisdom lack?
Ne'er give thou way to grievous wrath—
  Do thou, Love, bring me back.

And do I fall or go astray,
  I may not ask, "Relent";
Thou, Justice, wilt assume thy sway
  Until I may repent.

Thus, God of earth and heaven, reign
  In justice as in love,
And banish from the world all pain,
  All sin and shame remove.

Ode Three

Were I to choose, dear Berta, a husband for
you,
I'd seek a man brave, tender, devoted and true.
'Twould not be 'mid proud fashion's bold pomp
and vain blare,
Nor yet, 'mid wealth's gay, showy enticements
and glare;
Nay, nay, I would not seek for position or pride
Or wealth or power or title for you as a bride.
For what are all these for a soul to live on;
A flame—nay, flash—nay, twinkle—and then
they are gone.
What are all these and travel and palace and
dome
Beside the sweet, calm joy of a dear little
home?
Nay, not a Crœsus, nobleman, nor other than
An earnest, honest, loving—yes, God-fearing—
man,
To bring you peace, contentment, and happi-
ness, too,
I'd seek if I were choosing a husband for you.

New Year's Resolves

The old year now ends,
  The new one begins;
Man vows swift amends
  For last year's sad sins.

But the years pass by
  With no seemly token,
And vows e'er so high
  Are made to be broken.

Part II. INCENSE

Baby Mine

Bit of sunshine,
Sky-blue-eyed,
Sent from heaven
To my side,
With us mortals
To abide—
Mamma's darling,
Papa's pride—
Baby mine.
Fairest beauty
Ever spied,
Far surpassing
All beside;
Take papa's knee
For a ride;
Here and there and
Yon we glide—
Baby mine.
Bit of sweetness,
Golden hair;
Baby-like face,
Ah! so fair;
No other one
Anywhere,
Howe'er sweet,
Can compare—
Baby mine.

Dimpled darling—
  Oh, how rare—
Catching people
  Like a snare;
Tiny object
  Of our care,
And none the less
  Of our prayer—
    Baby mine.

How we love thee
  None can tell;
None can feel but
  Hearts that swell
Like unto ours,
  And as well
In whose own homes
  Babies dwell—
    Baby mine.

Could we lose thee?
  Nay, not so!
  Shouldst thou leave us,
  We must go;
To maturity
  Wilt thou grow,
Bearing that love
  None can know—
    Baby mine.

Ode Four

You've told me, love, "Good-bye,"
You have not told me why;
I cannot leave you yet;
But yesterday I hoped to-day
Our wedding day to set.

But yesterday your smile of love
Raised me to heaven above
From out the sordid haunts of men;
Do not to-day send me away;
Nay, love, but smile again.

Those eyes, so deep and blue,
Have read my love for you
No words of mine could tell;
Oh, can it be that ne'er on me
Those eyes in love shall dwell?

Those arms, so soft and white,
Have clasped this neck, love, tight;
Those lips 'gainst mine have oft been pressed;
This heart so true that beats for you
Has felt yours answer at my breast.

Will ne'er those arms by me be felt?
Will ne'er those lips to kisses melt?
  Your heart an answer give
To my heart beat? My love! my sweet!
  Bid my fond hopes to live.

Nay? Then my hopes are vain,
My life is doomed to pain;
  Farewell! if we must part.
The love so rare for you I bear,
  I'll bury in my heart.

No stone shall mark its resting place,
No time its scar can e'er efface;
  But in its heart-tomb where
No mortal eye aught can descry,
  My buried love is there.

Amorosa Carmina Collegialia

(College Love Songs)

The Prep

Lessons are hard,
  Dances are few,
Honey is sweet,
  So, too, are you.

The Freshman

Now let me dream, do let me dream,
  Of days so short ago
When you went out to parties there,
  And I went, too—your beau!

But now I'm here; I've got a girl;
  Yet often long for home,
And when we have vacation, dear,
  To your sweet arms I'll come.

The Sophomore

There's the sweetest girl in our town
  That I have ever seen,
Her eyes are like two diamonds,
  Her face fair to be seen.

I long to see her often, now,
  And in the night I dream
Of how I've always gazed upon
  That brow of purest cream.

And when I'm through at college,
And clasp her form once more,
I'll taste those sweetest roses
In the "kiss behind the door."

The Junior

Now when I'm off at college
I am thinking oft of thee;
Say, when you are at the dish pan,
Do you ever think of me?

I am lonely, Julia, darling,
Knowing not what I may do;
You, and you alone, relieve me,
Write and say you're lonely, too.

How the moons are slow in changing,
How the days like ages fly;
But we still can think beforehand
I'll come home by and by.

By and by we'll walk together,
As we've done so oft before;
By and by you, little sweetheart,
Shall be mine forever more.

By no vain deception
Of mental perception,
Which, by the way, is known,
I have reached the conception
Of my joyful reception
When to your arms I've flown.

This joyless extension
Grows into suspension
Making one often groan;
This fruitful contention
Of inner attention
Tells me you're sad and lone.

In this, your condition
Of awful perdition,
Won't you come to my arms?
With subtle transition
To joyful fruition,
We'll live without alarms.

When tender ovation
Brings comely flirtation,
Forth Cupid sends his darts;
A blissful sensation
Of our close relation
Creeps o'er my heart of hearts.

By friendly attraction
Or loving reaction
You have a warm place there;
A longer protraction
In bringing distraction
Will drive me to despair.

Is this the direction
Of your sweet selection?
Nothing you have to fear;
Just make the election
To take my protection,
You see, I love you, dear.

Ode Seven

A Valentine

Oh, maiden fair, in whose sweet sight
All other things are commonplace,
And dainty nymphs e'en take their flight
With one glance at thy matchless face;

Earth's grandest, greatest joy to me would be
To steal from thy pure lips a kiss.
While sipping nectar such as this, to me
Would be eternal, boundless bliss.

Ode One

To Zetecalian

A merry rhyme
In shortest time
I write—not for offence—
So do not chime,
With lips sublime,
"Oh, come from off the fence."

Could I beguile
You for a while,
My heart would swell and break;
Which, should you smile
In bonny style,
A higher leap would take.

But should you frown
And throw this down;
Should any such betide,
With no fair crown
My head around,
I'm sure I'd suicide.

Had I the power
For one short hour
To sing a new, sweet tune,
My head would tower
Where starlights flower
And strike against the moon.

But, woe is me!
The fates decree
That I should meditate;
And thus you see,
So void of glee,
I scratch my empty pate.

There is a gem
For diadem
More priceless far than purest gold—
A rare white gem—
The fit emblem
Of purity from days of old.

This diamond bright,
Tho such a sight,
Tho crowning jet-black hair,
Oh, never might,
When in your sight,
Seem even passing fair.

The roses sweet
Our vision greet,
Their petals full unfurled;
With color meet,
With smell replete,
They ravish all the world.

But, oh, the fame
They ne'er can claim—
This tribute is but due—
From them as same,
And very tame,
All eyes are turned on you.

Oh, could my pen,
I wail again,
A worthy tribute bring,
The sons of men
Would ne'er again
Dare to attempt to sing.

My fame would spread,
Ere I was dead,
To Jupiter and Mars;
And when I'd fled
To earthy bed
'Twould reach the farthest stars.

Though giving pain,
The fact is plain
That that is not my place;
I'll never gain
That honored plane,
And so I'll "close my face."

Ode Two

Had I the power of Jupiter
I'd let no finite hand deter
  Me from service proud or mean
To her so fair—past all compare—
  Whom I fain would make my queen.

I'd bid my vassals linger nigh
By day and night with jealous eye
  And wave all care aside,
That no alarm or earthly harm
  Should e'er my love betide;

And genii, gods, goddesses and all,
Should ever wait upon her beck and call.
  Ten thousand thousand fairy hands and feet
Should spend their might by day and night
To make her every moment calm and sweet.

Her slightest want should be supplied,
No wish of hers should be denied
  That could one joy for her complete;
From first to last I'd freely cast
  The universe down at her feet.

But yet, alas! 'twas not my fate
To be assigned so high a state,
For I am but a man; nor can
I offer more of worldly store
Than almost any other man.

I cannot offer gold nor lands,
Nor slaves to wait for her commands,
But what I can impart—
More priceless far than world or star—
Is my own manly heart.

A philanthropic mind, a heart—a soul—above
All habits low of speech or deed—a boundless love—
A heart—a soul—a life to her most true—
These things I have to give, my vow for her to live—
My life—my all—and this I hereby do.

Ode Twelve

Behind each masterpiece of art
That meets the soul's demands,
Some graceful woman, in her part
Of loved or loving, stands.

Each sweetest tone, each dearest sight,
Each greatest charm of earth,
In which mankind doth take delight,
In love doth have its birth.

Beast, Bird, Fish—every living thing
In earth beneath or sky above—
Doth each its tender message bring,
Hath each its note of love.

The lark on lofty pinion soars
High o'er earth's sordid throng
And, rising, fervently outpours
Its love in joyous song.

Loud at the early sunrise hour,
Speaks out the turtle dove
To herald days awakening power
And boldly coos its love.

The modest lily of the field
Puts forth its fragile bloom
With sweetness nothing else can yield
And breathes its love in sweet perfume.

And I gaze into your dear eyes—
  Blue as the sky above—
Hold tightly close the form I prize
  And gently whisper, "Love!"

Ode Five

I hoped and dreamed in days of old
  My heart was live and blithe and free
But love formed hopes and dreams of gold,
  Crushed, changed to aches and pains to me.

Those hopes and dreams and aches and pains
  Of languored days long spent and sped
Are gone, as snows upon the plains,
  Are gone for aye—my heart is dead.

* * * *

Thus thought I, conning the Siren's part—
  Deceptive, shallow, fickle, vain—
But your sweet, gentle, guileless heart
  Has roused my own to life again.

Again I hope, again I dream, again
  I build my castles, wondrous fair,
And fondly prophesy times when
  You are undisputed mistress there.

The Prettiest Woman

To Miss Helen Gould.

I see the blamedest feller, Bob,
  Down to Calkinses' last night,
To the Baptist people's sociable;
  You can bet that he was right.
My, but he could speak an' play an' sing—
Whistle like a bird er anything.

Of all the faces that he made
  When he went to speak a piece,
He'd act an' talk an' look jest like
  Dutchy Kraut er Mike Gillease,
Man er woman er what he saw fit—
Got us to laughing like to split.

But he was awful common, Bob,
  When he found out I had ben
In Cuby, ast me all about
  Boys he'd knowed an' where an' when
We hed fit an' how it all was done,
Made me feel as if I was some one.

He got to talkin' 'bout the girls,
  Said as how his wife must be
The prettiest woman in the world
  Then we argued fur to see
Who is the prettiest woman anywhere—
No two persons named the same one there.

One said that Mrs. Cleveland is,
  One said Cleopatra, one
Said Lillian Russell, one Queen Bess,
  One Martha Washington,
Venus, Ada Rehan and some more
That I'd never heard about before.

An' finally, they turned to me,
  Said, "Well, Pete, what do you think?"
An' Johnny White turned right around,
  Grinned an' give a little wink,
Said as how he knowed as how I'd say
Saidee Trott was prettiest any day.

But when they got their laff all out,
  I jest straightened up an' said,
"These folks is good enough but yet,
  Of all women live or dead,
Prettiest ever walked beneath the sun,
I tell you that Helen Gould's the one."

"If I was paintin' angels, now
  I can tell you what, I'd make
Them all like Helen Gould. I'd put
  Her face everywhere; I'd take
Off the Liberty Statue's stone head,
Put on Helen Gould's sweet face instead."

"Folks say Jay Gould was awful bad
  But they must mistook the man;
Such good can't come from so much bad—
  Don't see how it ever can.
I'll jest lay my pile that we don't know
How er where he made his dollars go."

"Now, if I worshipped statues, folks,
  I'd want her face on mine,
An' on the coins an' everything—
  That's the end of my hull line."
Then who'd speak right up but old John White—
Said, "I reckon mebby Pete's 'bout right."

An Acrostic

"W—ill you be my bride,"
I—asked my love one day,
"L—ét me live for you,
L—ove, tell me that I may."
I—heard the answer sweet
A—nd tho the word I'll not repeat
M—arriage followed at an early day.

A—las 'twas not for aye—
N—or long e'er we parted, my wife and I,
D—ivorce was granted by and by.

E—ver 'tis the things we've lost
M—ake the greatest void, 'tis said,
M—y heart and hers within a year
A—gain were towards each other led.

G—o bid the guests to come
U—p to the second marriage feast
A—nd let them see the splicing of the bond
Y—ou never more will see released.

Part III. NONSENSE

Ethel May

'Tain't every feller that you see
Has got as pert a sis as me,
Fer Sue's as smart as she can be.
She's ben to college quite a spell,
An' shows up there 'mongst 'em right well.
Fer readin' Lating, Greek an' such,
An' talkin' Spanish, French an' Dutch,
She simply can't be beat, I'll swear;
An' as fer that pianner there,
You'd think, to hear the old thing tear
'Twould get right up an' rip an' rare,
An' she a-sittin' calmly there
As if she didn't never care
What her fingers did, nor where they went,
An' they a-goin' lickety blinkin' bent
Till the old pianner everythin' but splits
An' she gives a couple partin' bangs an' quits.

Oh, she's the sweetest girl in town,
Or in the country all aroun';
An' when we go to church, well, well,
If I don't cut the biggest swell;
I never look at country people,
But keep a-gazin' at the steeple—
'N'at Sal Jones, the gal I used ter spark
An' hug an' kiss of evenin's arter dark
Till Tom White cut me out—I stick

My nose up mighty high an' quick
When she looks 'round, an' gaze at space
As if I'd never seed her face;
An' while the preacher talks about our sins
All I think of is, "Sue an' me's twins."

O' course Sue's got a chum away
At school; her name is Ethel May;
She's comin' out to visit here—
'Cuz Sue went home with her last year—
An' stay at least three weeks;
An' now she up an' speaks
An' says she'll come this afternoon—
I didn't 'spect her quite so soon.
I'll skin to Miller's in a hurry
An' borry their spick span new surrey,
An' bring our racin' colts aroun',
An' show Miss Ethel—an' the town—
That when I'm slicked up in my best
I hold my head up with the rest.
I'll talk off to her kind o' bluff
An' make her think I'm just the stuff.
Sue says she's awful smart,
But course she'd take her part.
I'll notice her enough to show
Fer love of Sue, I'll gladly go
Her friends and schoolmates, too;
But, course, they're not "in it" with Sue.
In every place, by day or night,

Sue an' me's jest "out of sight."

* * * * *

It's gettin' 'long the time o' day
Fer me to go an' meet Miss May.
I guess I'll ride awhile about
An' when the train's a-pullin' out
I'll drive along up to the landin',
Close by the spot where she'll be standin',
An' turn the rig a little bit
As if I didn't care a whit
Fer what she said er done, an' say,
"I s'pose that this is Ethel May;
I can't get out there, I'll be beat,
But jump right in the hinder seat.
These colts is feelin' good ter-day,
An' when they get a little gay
It's all a feller wants ter do
To tend ter them. My sister Sue
Didn't have no time to come to town,
An' so I thought I'd drive aroun';"
An' then I'll give her lots of guff,
An' fill her up with piles of stuff
About the town an' everythin'
We see along until we bring
Up home. I'll fool her, I'll allow.
Gosh! there's her train a-comin' now.
Whoa, Bill! whoa, Bess! Steady there!
Don't you go to rip an' rare!
I wonder if that's her a-talkin'

With the agent? Now she's walkin'
Right down this way. What was it I
Was goin' to say to her? My! my!
I can't think o' nuthin'. "Yep, I'm Jim.
Sue's to home." I never felt so slim!
An' there, she's clim right in with me;
Should think she'd have nuff sense to see
The hinder seat is just her place.
But, now, I'll look once at her face—
Red hair; golly! reddish, sandy skin—
Pretty, is she? That's too gol durned thin!
There, she saw me lookin'! Get up, there,
Bill an' Bess! Gee whiz! Get up! I swear!
Can't you move along? I wonder
What time it is? Two-ten. Thunder!
What is it makes my head itch so?
I never saw this team so slow.
What time did I say it was? Oh, yes,
Can't remember anything, I guess.
Well, here we are home. Ain't I glad!
An' still, it makes me awful mad
That she's ben talkin' all the way
'N'I couldn't think of "nit" to say.
Well, what's the "diff?" Here goes to do
The chores, an' pickin' cherries, too.

* * * * *

Three weeks gone by—it doesn't seem
Three days. I didn't never dream
How fast time flew, nor that I'd give a cent

How long she stayed with us or when she went.
But now she's really gone. Well, I'll be beat!
She isn't pretty, but she's awful sweet.
An' pop, he says—the slickest thing of all—
As I can go to college in the fall.

* * * * *

Three short years have passed away—
Doesn't seem more than a day—
Since I entered college, and yet, really, now,
I'm a Senior. It is grateful, I'll allow,
And passing pleasant just to know
How changed I am from that ago.
Sue says Miss May is coming soon—
Now, really, 'tis this afternoon.
I'll get a rig and man, and dress
To kill, and slightly make her guess
That I'm a dude. I'll curl my beard
And get my monocle all geared
To eighty-eight; sling on more dog than
All others with coachman, footman
And everything beside to take
Her 'round, and home, and make
Her feel surprised. Right now it's time
To go prepare for eyes sublime.

* * * * *

'Awnd this is shuah Miss May? Aw, me!
Baw Jowve! Ahm awful glawd to see
Yuh! Jawn, help the lady in.
Gad! thwee twooly yeahs it's been

Since you wuh heah, and you aw not
Changed by a single, tiny dot.
Sue'll be awful glad to know
That you've come, awnd you cawnot go
Befaw a month. Now, Jawn, don't dwive
So vewy fast, me mon alive."
Now, I'm running a great bluff;
She don't like that kind of stuff;
But, seeing that I have begun,
I'm bound to have a mint of fun.
Home so soon? How time does glide
When you're sitting side by side
With her in whom you take most pride;
How short does seem each carriage ride.
And I've been talking all the way homeward,
While she's been silent, thinking very hard.
I've met a few girls in my day,
But never other half so gay.

* * * * *

Two weeks have gone, and all too fast,
Another visit almost past.
"Gowing home to-morrow? Now, Miss May,
Aw you weally shuah you cawnot stay
The month out? Well, if we must pawt,
I want to say befaw you stawt
That I'm no fool, and hence no dude,
Altho for fun, you see, I've stood
The role two weeks; so here goes my

Monocle from out my eye,
This stiff sky-scraper off my throat—
I can't say I did ever dote
On them. But now I want to say,
Just for your ears, sweet Ethel May,
In my big loving eyes you're worth
The most of any girl on earth;
So say the word, and I will come,
When through at school to bring you home
'Tis said! One kiss! Yes—two! three! four!
And yet, so sweet, a dozen more!
There, there, you smile—the deed is done—
In one short year we two'll be one.

Ode Eight

Through Linden, when the sun was low,
I passed, a year and more ago;
And there—oh, heart; why flutter so?
I met a charming maiden.

Summer went and autumn came;
At A——, in teacher's meeting tame,
Once more, with joy, I met the same
Bewitching, laughing maiden.

Another summer came our way,
When once upon a sorry day,
I met a man whose homestead lay
In Linden near that maiden.

I said I knew a maiden there—
A maiden sweet—a maiden rare,
That day, I learned to my despair,
A man would wed that maiden.

Oh, fatal day whene'er we met!
O day how much more fatal yet
That made her someone else's pet,
That self same naughty maiden.

O, Linden, girt with many hills!
O, Linden, free from business ills!
O, Linden, full of tucks and frills!
The home of charming maidens.

But Linden, sorrow not for me,
For my bold happy heart you see
Is from snares and meshes free,
Of all designing maidens.

Yes, gone are all those aching pains,
And now I search where Cupid reigns,
And seek for Beauty, Wealth and Brains,
In one adored, sweet maiden.

"In It"

The rich man stood in his parlor door
A thing he'd often done before—
And spurned the agents of the poor.
He wasn't "in it."

They asked him to give of his great wealth
To those who had neither gold nor health.
"They'd a-had it if they'd sense to win it."
And he wasn't "in it."

And so with charities, churches and things,
He grunts and smiles to himself as he sings,
"I'll stop a-givin' before I begin it."
So he wasn't "in it."

Past the hospital door on a cold winter's day
Went a hearse in which a rich coffin lay,
Whose draping had taken weeks to spin it.
He was "in it."

A soul had knocked at heaven's gate;
St. Peter sternly said to wait
While he looked in his record book—it took
but a minute,
For he was "in it."

Quoth St. Peter, "You've made a great sell,
For you've bought a ticket straight to—well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute.
He was "IN IT."

NOTES

NOTES

My indulgent friend:—I have such a horror of long prefaces that I have not attempted to do anything in the way of a preface but append this chronicle of observations and incidents in the form of notes so that they will be out of the way of all but the specially interested. By producing these, I hope to save the labors of the posthumous commentator. Without further explanation let us proceed.

"I Hain't Got No Home"

was begun during the summer after I was out of college. Work was continued for a year and the final transcript made, I think, late in 1894. A number of persons to whom I submitted the manuscript thought it very creditable and I was encouraged to send a copy to Current Literature. It was, however, returned with printed thanks. I think I submitted it to McClure's also, with the same result. After this I laid the manuscript away with the idea that perhaps it was not much good anyway. Two years later, however, I took it out and read it again. Being struck with it, I immediately committed it to memory. I think the first time I gave it in public was at Athol, Mass. I at-

tended a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Christian Endeavor of the First Congregational Church of that city and recited the poem. This resulted in my reading it again at the public program I gave for the same society shortly afterward. It also resulted in my having an edition of 500 copies of the poem struck off. These I kept for sale during the next year.

About this time I made my first professional trip to the middle west and visited Lodi, Wis. I had with me my manuscript of this poem and while calling on a young lady read her what I had written. She received it with such responsive feeling that I immediately wrote at the top, "Dedicated to Nettie M. Mills," and handed her the original manuscript.

I was further encouraged while visiting Albert Lea the following summer or early fall of 1898 when I read the poem to a school friend of mine, Mrs. Bert Clements, who was quite poetically inclined, being a friendly rival of mine in school days. She said of the poem that it was like Riley only so much better than Riley ever wrote. Comparisons are odious—but this one coming when it did, as it did and whence it did was very grateful to me. From that time the poem has met with a great deal of favor wherever I have read it. It has been

called the greatest American dialect poem and a large number of other most complimentary things have been said. Altho I feel most thankful for all of these and full of hope that others may enjoy the lines, I am not ready to reproduce any of the comments here but desire to have the verses stand on their own merits with each hearer or reader.

I have been asked if the poem referred to myself. To a large extent it does. Since 1894, when my father left Perry, N. Y., we have had no settled place of abode and I have had no place that could be properly termed a home.

The wife of a relative once, after hearing me read the poem, said with tears in her eyes that their home was always open to me and I have been pleased to accept their hospitality on two or three occasions.

After a visit to Geneva, N. Y., I received the following verses from one of the auditors:

With a most humble apology to

Mr. Carl C. Countryman.

To the Y. M. C. A.
Where they had a gay
Young man to entertain them,
Two girls in gray
Went out one day
For fun, and who can blame them?

"Now," said the young man,
As the laughter rang,
"I've some poems for sale if you wish them."
But the maids—they knew—
'Twas sad but true,
That they would have to miss them.

So the maid with a curl,
A brown-eyed girl,
There was nothing there to screen them;
Just looked with woe
At her companion, oh,
For they hadn't a cent between them.

Epilogue.

Our homes are not complete,
Our ways—not always sweet—
We want that book before we vow to mend them;
And please will you
Those poems do
Right up and straightway send them
To Blanche M. Wintzer,
4 Park Place, Geneva, N. Y.

After hearing me recite the poem in Buffalo, N. Y., a lady said, "Why, Mr. Countryman, with your capabilities and your opportunities, I should not think you would find it hard to find a young lady to make a home for you."

"Alas, madam," I replied, "appearances are

very deceiving. You never can tell from the looks of a toad how far he can't jump."

"Perhaps," continued the lady, "you are too particular."

"That may have something to do with the case," I responded, "but the fact is Them as I want I can't get and them as I can get, the devil himself wouldn't have."

I told a young lady that once and she said, "Mr. Countryman, that's not true. You underestimate yourself."

I related this incident to another young lady who remarked' "Opinions differ."

"Sold an' Gone"

I am unable to place exactly the period of this poem. I think it was produced during 1895-'96. The theme was, of course, suggested by our old home in the woods at Iowa Falls, where my life from the ages of seven to fourteen years was spent and to which I was naturally very much attached. We, my brother and I, left with a firm determination to buy it back some day. I was the first of the family to view it again in the winter of 1892-'93, when I spent my Senior Christmas vacation there. The feelings that arose in my breast are best described in the verses of the poem. While I

have not used "Sold an' Gone" so much I think it has been accorded about the same reception as "I Hain't Got No Home."

"The Work of God"

Which I consider of greatest merit of any of these poems, was also written during the years 1903-'04. I had several persons in view in writing this, notably a Prof. Bishop, formerly of Perry, N. Y., now of Buffalo State Normal school, who rose by his unaided efforts from poverty, Rev. A. J. Canfield, D. D., then of Chicago, now of Worcester, Mass., our wonderful presidents, Washington and Lincoln, the former because he bridled his own fierce passion, and the latter because he rose from the lowest obscurity to such position—not relatively but intrinsically.

Times are when all the fates seem to work against man—when he seems to be without a friend and those to whom he naturally looks for support and encouragement fail him most. Illustrious indeed is he who doggedly—or better, persistently—labors on not only in spite of discouragements but makes those very hardships and rebuffs and discouragements instruments toward building up his manhood. He must indeed be near to God, who "maketh the wrath of man to praise Him."

It is a proverb that "He who serves most abjectly rules most haughtily." How many people rise from servile positions to press most hardly on those beneath them. How many say in their anger, "If ever I have power I'll use it." How illustrious then is he who "makes his feelings, torn, expel unholy, Godless pride!" who makes his swelling heart the reservoir of human sympathy to be called into use when he has acquired distinction and power.

It is a common circumstance that some member of a family usually considered not more than half bright, shows unusual intellectual capacity. A clergyman of western New York once told this story in regard to a prominent clergyman of his denomination:

Some years ago in the village of Cortland, N. Y., lived a certain lad highly esteemed for his brightness and character. The good friends urged that he enter the ministry, pointing out that he must become a great ornament to that profession. Finally he was persuaded to enter the divinity school. At the same time a not overly bright scion of a half-witted family voluntarily concluded to enter the same school. Of course, he received little encouragement, but he persisted. After following the two through the wanderings of a quarter century

or more, my friend concluded: "Now the dull boy is occupying one of the most prominent pulpits of the denomination while the brilliant boy is preaching in some obscure parish in Massachusetts."

All this is very commendable indeed, but he who springs from those apparently without moral perception to become a good man achieves the greatest success and he who accomplishes all these things—has learned to master self completely—is unquestionably the greatest work of God.

"The Man That Walks"

These verses were partially written during my 2,000 mile tramp from Chicago to Portland, Me., and thence to Washington, D. C., in the summer of 1908, and completed during my election visit to Chicago that fall. This explains the opportunity and the inspiration.

"Query on Man"

This screed was written about 1897, I think, though I find no date on the manuscript and I cannot locate it exactly. When preparing for this edition of the book I searched for the copy and finally found it. I do not know what to call it. I suppose I may as well say

"Prose poem" and let it go at that. It ought to stimulate thought at least.

"Consecration" and "God is Love"

I think these must have been written in the year 1900. I remember I had them put in typewriter type in Buffalo in the fall of 1901 and sent them to a music writer to have set to music, but I was not ready to meet the financial requirements at that time, consequently nothing came of it.

"Dead, But the World Moves On"

This was written in the spring of 1899, with the exception of the last stanza. I sent it thus to my mother after the death of my dear brother, Rollin, in August of that year, and she gave the criticism that it seemed to her incomplete, so I added the last stanza.

"Success"

This poem was written, I think, in 1899, though it may have been a little earlier or a little later. I believe I sent it to Success Magazine but it was returned unharmed and was accompanied by a delicate little printed slip so familiar to the eyes of budding genius (?).

"A Hymn"

I believe this poem was composed about 1896. I think no special occasion gave rise to its production.

"Ode Three"

On the occasion of my visit to Lodi, Wis., in 1897, after an absence of seven years, I was requested by an old friend, Miss Berta Christler, to write a poem in her honor. This is the result.

"New Year's Resolves

Was written in my diary in 1897 and when I gathered the material for "Three Senses," I considered this poem fit to be included. It seems that one must feel a little melancholy at the close of a year unproductive of the hopes he carried in his breast at the beginning and hence this rather doleful tone, true as it may be to life.

PART II.—INCENSE

"Baby Mine"

While visiting at Newell, Ia., in the winter of 1896-'97, a few verses of this poem rang in my ears in my early waking moments. Hastily jotting them down I returned from breakfast and finished the poem. This I contributed to that week's issue of the Newell Mirror.

"Ode Four"

Ode four was written in the spring of 1898 at Lodi, Wis. I had in mind the story of a lad I knew east who was engaged to be married to one of the girls of town. But a new school teacher came to town and the girl left her lover for the chance of capturing the school teacher, failing in the attempt. The two had been together since youth and as both seemed to be very affectionate, the townspeople had approved the match. But it was a sad blow to the young man. I could but feel for him.

"Amorosa Carmina Collegialia"

I had something of this kind in view during my college course, after hearing an essay or poem written by Ben Jones, a fellow student, in something the same style. It was started I think before I left college but not completed till the summer afterwards.

"Ode Seven"

This was written on the occasion of a valentine party in Lodi, Wis., in 1897.

"Ode One"

At nearly the close of my senior year in college or in the spring of 1893, our young ladies' literary society, the Zetecalian, being about to celebrate their quarter century anniversary, asked me through its president, my classmate, Louise Bradford, if I would write some verses for the occasion. I complied and began the work, but the function was postponed and finally given up entirely. During the summer following I finished the verses.

"Ode Two"

This poem was begun in Minneapolis in the spring of 1898, in honor of a young lady whose name I have forgotten. It was continued at Horton, Ia., during the summer and triumphantly completed in the fall at Osage, Ia., in honor of a charming but vain and fickle maid named Marie Ewartson, who entranced me but failed to keep faith with me. Though cut quite deeply I recovered presently to laugh heartily at my passion.

"Ode Twelve"

This ode was written in the spring of 1908 with no particular person in view though I believe I did when I completed it intend to hand it to a certain coy lass in Chicago whom I had accompanied to one or two places. I left the last word of the last stanza blank and wrote below: "Give me the chanst and I'll show you." I never handed her the poem.

"Ode Five"

In numbering these little bits, I have followed the adroit and illustrious example of the Latin bard, Horace. Ode five was written about 1900. I cannot say exactly when. That is, the first part was. In 1904, I spent the summer with father in Arkansas. There I met a college girl named Emma Liffring. I need not enter into a discussion of our relations nor our subsequent brief correspondence. I finally received my letters back and I have them labeled "The love letters of a fool." I wrote the latter part for her. It is surely strange to what idiotic lengths an idle fancy may carry us against our best judgment. But I handed her this poem and another labeled, I think, "Ode Six." I cannot find the manuscript of the latter.

"The Prettiest Woman"

This was written in 1901. That fall I sent it to Miss Helen Gould. Whether it ever came to her eye or not I cannot say. At least I heard nothing from her in any way.

"An Acrostic"

The room where I lodged in New Haven in 1898 belonged to the establishment of a lady who had divorced her husband about a year before. They were re-married while I was a roomer in the house and I wrote this for their benefit.

PART III.—NONSENSE.

"Ethel May"

A little speech that I use in introducing this selection to an audience is as follows: "When in college I chanced to be elected to the proud position of class poet. I thought that it was necessary to distinguish myself and the class in some way so I wrote these verses and named them after one of the young ladies in the class who had some of the characteristics of the heroine of these verses. Her first two names were Ethel May. I did not mention the last but that does not make any difference for it has been changed since—altho I was not responsible for the change."

I had been thrown more or less into the company of the aforesaid young lady in classes and had a high regard for her. The first I remember of the conception of the poem is saying to my brother jestingly regarding the lady what the hero said regarding the heroine in the last lines of the second part: "She isn't pretty but she's awful nice." The poem was begun in 1895 and completed the following year. It was first published with "In it" on a leaflet printed, I think, in 1897-'98.

"Ode Eight"

The Linden referred to is a small village in western New York. In company with a friend of mine, Charles Owen, I drove from Perry to Alexander in the summer of 1894. We stopped at Linden and I met a young lady, Miss Howard. In the fall I attended teachers' institute at Attica and met her again. The poem tells for itself what remains. In the fall of 1895, I gave a reading in Linden and carried these verses with me. I allowed the young lady, now married, to read them, but did not read them in public—as she observed, "It was just as well that you didn't." The printer omitted one stanza in the first edition.

"In It"

I heard Leland T. Powers at the close of an impersonation of David Copperfield read a fragment he said he had clipped from a newspaper. It was something like the above verses. Wishing afterward to have such verses, tho not knowing where to obtain those Mr. Powers recited, and thinking I might possibly improve on them anyway, I wrote "In It." This was first printed in my brother's paper, "The Silver Springs Signal," and afterward in the leaflet with Ethel May as before stated. In

the first edition one stanza was omitted by the printer.

With these notes I leave future editions of "Three Senses" in the hands of my friends, the sometimes critical and sometimes indulgent public.

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